

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

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AUTHORITY

G.I. COMBAT

AUGUST

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10c

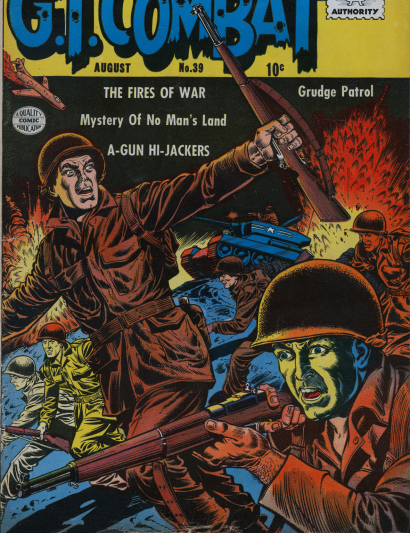
THE FIRES OF WAR

Grudge Patrol

Mystery Of No Man's Land

A-GUN HI-JACKERS

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RUSH COUPON TODAY!

G.I. COMBAT

The Fires of WAR



THE WORLD CAN NEVER FORGET THE TERRIBLE KOREAN WAR...THE SEE-SAWING, NEVER ENDING BATTLES...THE RETREATS, ADVANCES AND RETREATS AGAIN! JUST SUCH A STORY IS THIS! TO THE WAR WEARY BATTLE-NUMBERED G.I.s IN THE FOXHOLE FOUR WORDS SUMMED UP THE FIRES OF WAR...**JUST ONE MORE HILL!** YOU SOFTEN IT WITH ARTILLERY, YOU TAKE IT WITH FURY AND FIRE AND THEN WHAT LIES AHEAD? THE BITTER FIGHT ALL OVER AGAIN...**JUST ONE MORE HILL!**

G.I. COMBAT

BIG HORN AND LITTLE HORN HILLS... WITH THE ROCKY SPINE OF CUSTER'S SADDLE CURVING BETWEEN! A GI JOKER FROM CHARLEY COMPANY PUT THE WHOLE BITTER STORY INTO WORDS!

SO THAT'S WHAT WE GOTTA TAKE NEXT, SARGE? AS AN AUTHORITY ON REAL ESTATE, I CAN TELL YOU THE PROPERTY WON'T BE WORTH THE COST!



AND THE COST WOULD BE ENORMOUS! DUG INTO BUNKERS AND TUNNELS WERE ELEMENTS OF THE CRACK 47TH CHINESE ARMY... MAO TSE-TUNG'S OWN!

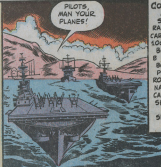


THE ENGINEERS HAD ASSIGNED NUMBERS INDICATING THE HEIGHT OF THE TWO HILLS IN METERS

...WITH ROCK SPINE BETWEEN, LENGTH 354 METERS, MAXIMUM WIDTH 55 METERS! MARK THOSE ON YOUR TISSUE OVERLAYS, GENTLEMEN!

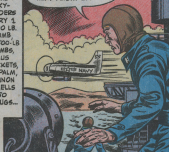


BUT WE WERE READY TO PAY THE TREMENDOUS PRICE OF A WORLD'S FREEDOM! OUR INVESTMENT STARTED OVER 100 MILES AWAY, WHERE NAVY AND MARINE FIGHTER-BOMBERS WAITED ...



CORSAIRS AND SKY-RAIDERS CARRY 1 1000 LB. BOMB, 8 500-LB BOMBS, PLUS ROCKETS, NAPALM, CANNON SHELLS SO SLUGS...

FOX FIVE IS AIRBORNE! NEXT FLIGHT UP!



ON NEARER FIELDS, THE LAND-BASED SABRE-JETS WING THREW ITS TERRIBLE MIGHT INTO THE COMING BATTLE!

YOU COME IN FROM EAST-SOUTH-EAST WHEN FIREFLY DROPS HIS FIRST FLARE!

I'D LIKE TO MEET A MIG TODAY! I FEEL LUCKY!



THE FIRE-POWER CONCENTRATED ON THOSE TWO BLEAK HILLS WAS TERRIFIC! SIX MILES BACK WERE THE 17TH FIELD ARTILLERY'S 8-INCH HOWITZERS!

UP FIVE! UP FIVE!



THE EARTH ITSELF SHOOK WHEN THE LONG TOWS THE 155-mm PIECES OF THE 204TH FA OPENED UP!



CLOSER IN WERE THE 155-mm HOWITZERS OF THE 9TH FIELD ARTILLERY ...

SWITCH TO VT FUSE! WE'LL TRY TO PEPPER THOSE RATHOLES WITH A FEW AIR-BURSTS!



THE MORTAR BATTERIES OF THE 39TH... THE 105s AND THE 88s... KEPT UP THEIR STEADY, DEADLY COUGHING!



MAINTAIN FULL INCREMENTS!

THE 64TH HEAVY TANK HAD SENT PATTONS WITH THEIR 90-mm CANNON TO AUGMENT THE 7TH'S OWN COMPANY OF M-49 WITH 76-mm GUNS!

WE'LL FAN OUT AT CHECK POINT FIVE AND DELIVER FLAT TRAJECTORY FIRE ON OBJECT TWO! OUR FIRE CORRECTIONS WILL COME IN FROM F.O. ON THE 300!



ALL THIS FIRE-POWER WAS DIRECTED BY THE UNSUNG HEROES OF WAR... THE FORWARD OBSERVERS, WHO WATCHED AND CORRECTED!

EMMA 6 TO KNOCKER 5... TRAVERSE LEFT TWO DEGREES! AND FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, DON'T DROP ANY SHORT ON US! WE BRUISE EASILY!



BUT THE FINAL ASSAULT WOULD BE BY BAYONET AND GRENADE IN THE HANDS OF TWO BATTALIONS OF THE FIGHTING 1TH INFANTRY!

ALL OUT! DUMP GEAR IN THE ASSIGNED AREAS AND ASSEMBLE FOR BRIEFING!

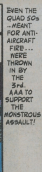
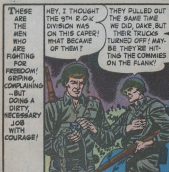
BRIEFING! HA!



ALL THEY EVER TELL A DOUGHFOOT IS WHERE TO GO TO GET SHOT AT SOME MORE!

I COULD TELL YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING AT 1540 HOURS, DAKIN, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU ANY HAPPIER!





I D-DIDN'T WANT TO, SIR! I'M SCARED! B-BUT I KNEW I H-HAD TO FACE IT, S-SOONER OR LATER!

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID! THE GUY WHO ISN'T SCARED ANT HERE ANY MORE! HE'S A SECTION B.. A LOONEY, NOW! WE'RE ALL SCARED!



A SNIPER!
HIT THE DIRT!



HE'S GOT US COVERED FROM THAT THICKET!

I'LL G-GET HIM, S-SIR!



I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM! THE FIRST MAN I EVER SHOT!

REMIND ME TO THANK YOU LATER! NOW WE GET THE OTHERS!



YOU'RE MISSING HIM, SARGE!

ON PURPOSE, FROSTY! WATCH WHERE I'M CHASING HIM!



TO OUR LINES! WHA...? HE TRIPPED ON A GUY WIRE OF A RED MINE!



G.I. COMBAT



HOLY SMOKE!
I CHASED HIM
RIGHT INTO HIS
OWN MINE
FIELD!



BROTHER, ALL OF A SUDDEN
YOU'RE A SOLDIER!
LET'S GO BACK AND
REPORT THE MINE
FIELD CLEARED!
OUR CROWD
CAN MOVE UP!

WITH THE
FIELD
CLEARED,
THE TWO
BATTALIONS
DROVE
FORWARD
AND
DUG IN
ON THE
ROGE
THEY
CALLED
CP 2...
CHECK
POINT
TWO!



UNDER
THE
SCREAMING
COVER
OF
ARTILLERY
FIRE,
THE
7TH
MOVED
UP
AND DUG
IN ON
THE
ROGE
BELOW
THE
OBJECTIVE
HILLS!



AM I DOING
ALL RIGHT,
SARGE?

YOU'RE DOING FINE, REGS!
WE'RE ALL SCARED ON
A DRIVE LIKE THIS! DON'T
BE SELF-CONSCIOUS!

ON THE
MORNING
OF
SEPTEMBER
16TH,
THE HILLS
ROCKED
AND
SMOKED
TO
THE
FURY
OF
THE
TERRIBLE
ARTILLERY
BARRAGE!



THROUGH THE DAY THE FIGHTER-BOMBERS
STRUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE HILLS,
SMEARING THEM WITH THE AWFUL CARPET
OF NAPALM!



IT
SEEMED
TO
THE
WATCHING
MEN THAT
NO LIVING
PERSON
COULD
SURVIVE...
BUT
THE
REDS
WERE
PREPARED!
DEEP
IN
THE
HILLS
THEY
SAT
IT
OUT!



NEARLY 9,000 ROUNDS OF SHELLS BURST ON THE HILLS BEFORE THE WORD WAS PASSED!



THIS SHOULD BE EASY! AFTER THAT BOMBARDMENT, THERE CAN'T BE MANY LEFT ALIVE!

DON'T KID YOURSELF, REGG! THEY'RE DUG INTO THOSE HILLS LIKE RATS! GRENADES AND COLD STEEL WILL TELL THE STORY!



THANKS, BUSTER!

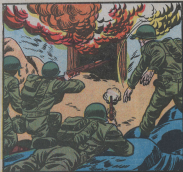


THEY'RE IN THE HOLES! BLAST 'EM OUT!

BUT THEY KEEP COMING, BY THE THOUSANDS!



THE ATTACK WAS FAST AND FURIOUS BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO END THE BATTLE!





YOU'RE
DOING
OKAY,
KID!



HOOR ON HOUR THE SAVAGE
BATTLE RAGED ...

THE
FINAL
BATTLE
CONSISTED
OF
BLASTING
THE
REDS
OUT
OF
THEIR
TUNNELS!



HOLD IT, REDS!
THEY'LL BE
POURING
OUT IN A
MINUTE!

THEY PUT SHARP
TURNS IN THOSE
TUNNELS SO THE
BLAST CAN'T CLEAN
IT ALL OUT!

THE
BATTLE
FINALLY
ENDED
ITS
FIRST
PHASE
WITH
THE
LOWER
LITTLE
HORN
IN
POSSES-
SION OF
UN
TROOPS!



I STILL WONDER WHERE
THOSE SOUTH KOREAN
TROOPS WENT! HE
SHOULD HAVE HAD
HELP!

THEY'RE ON THEIR JOB,
SOLDIER! QUIT GRIPING
AND KEEP FIGHTING!



DIG IN, YOU
DOGFEET!
THIS IS
WHERE
WE CAMP
TONIGHT!

OH, GOOD! NOW WE SIT AND
LET THE REDS FROM BIG
HORN LOOK DOWN OUR
THROATS! WHO DREAMED
UP THIS CUTE DEAL?



WE'RE GONNA
LOSE GOOD
MEN ON THAT
STINKING
RIDGE
TOMORROW!

NEW ORDERS, YOU GUYS! DIG
IN DEEP AND STAY DOWN!
NO ATTACKING UNLESS
THE CHINKS CHARGE
US FIRST!

I DON'T GET THIS, SARGE! WHY DON'T WE DRIVE UP THE SADDLE AND DIG IN CLOSE TO THOSE RATS?

DON'T ASK ME, SON! I JUST WORK HERE, SAME AS YOU DO! BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS! IT SAYS HOLE IN AND DUCK LOW!



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...



HOLY MOSES, THE GROUND SHOOK UNDER US! WHAT BLEW UP?

THE WHOLE TOP OF BIG HORN! I'M JUST GETTING THE PITCH, KID...



MY GUESS IS THE ROK BOYS TUNNELED UNDER BIG HORN AND MINED IT WITH TNT WHILE WE WERE FIGHTING!

EXACTLY! YOU MEN DROVE THE REDS UP ONTO THE HILL AND HE BLEW IT UP!



SEE, SARGE ... I WAS SO SCARED MY TEETH CHATTERED.. AND NOW SUDDENLY I FEEL GOOD!

THAT MEANS YOU CROSSED THE LINE, KID!



EVERY MAN GOES THROUGH IT IN WAR! FIRST HE'S SCARED TO DEATH .. THEN HE GETS A SHOT OF FALSE COURAGE .. THEN HE GETS NORMAL!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... NORMAL?



SCARED SILLY AGAIN, KID .. THE WAY ANY SENSIBLE SOLDIER IS! DUCK!



G.I. COMBAT

The MYSTERY of NO MAN'S LAND

PAKISTAN'S NORTHERN PROVINCE OF KASHMIR BORDERS ON RED CHINA! IN AN EFFORT TO PROTECT PAKISTAN'S BORDERS AGAINST RED AGGRESSION, PAKISTAN LEASED AIR AND ARMY BASES TO U.S. FORCES! SINCE THEN, NOT A DAY HAS PASSED WITHOUT A NASTY FRONTIER INVASION OR SKIRMISH ON THE PART OF INFILTRATING REDS! BUT PERHAPS THE STRANGEST STORY TO COME OUT OF PAKISTAN INVOLVED A GROUP OF G.I.'S UNDER THE COMMAND OF LT. JOHN GRANGE WHO DESPERATELY TRIED TO SOLVE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A V.I.P. IN NO MAN'S LAND!



LT. GRANGE'S COMPANY WERE REMINDED BY EACH RED ATTACK OF COMMUNIST VICIOUSNESS!





SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE INFANTRY BASE...

YOU MEET REDS
IN WOODS, EH,
YANKEE?

YEAH! INFILTRATORS! I
GOT A LEAD SOUVENIR IN
MY ARM TO REMEMBER
'EM BY!

BE CAREFUL,
YOU PAKISTANI!
THERE MUST
BE MORE OF
'EM OUT
THERE!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE FIRST AID STATION...

I DON'T GET IT, LIEUTENANT!
WHAT'RE THESE REDS AFTER,
DRIFTIN' OVER THE BORDER?
WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO 'EM,
KILLIN' A SOLDIER HERE OR
THERE?

THAT'S NOT
THEIR MOTIVE,
VANELL! THEY
DON'T THROW
THESE AMBUSHES
IN JUST FOR
KICKS!



THE COMMIES' MAIN OBJECT IS TO
PROBE OUR STRENGTH HERE! TO
KEEP UNCLE SAM AND THE PAKI-
STANIS ON THE EDGE OF THEIR
SEATS! EVENTUALLY
THESE CHARACTERS
WANT TO SEIZE
PAKISTANI TERRITORY!
THAT'S WHY WE'RE
HERE, VANELL!

I KNOW,
LIEUTENANT!
TO SEE
THAT THEY
DON'T!



AT THE CAMP, A WEEK LATER...

MAJOR TYRELL
WANTS TO SEE
YOU, LIEUTENANT!
ON THE DOUBLE!

OKAY, SERGE-
ANT! COMING!
HERE, VANELL!
I DON'T LIKE
POWDERED EGGS,
ANYWAY!

THINK
I DO?



NICE GUY, THE
LIEUTENANT!
HE'S LIKE ONE
OF US! EATIN' AN
SLEEPIN' WITH
US! PROTECTIN'
US LIKE HE WAS
THE MOTHER MEN
AND WE WERE
HIS CHICKS!

DON'T TELL ME ABOUT
IT, GRANGE! HE'S THE
MOST! I FOUGHT THE
KOREAN WAR, UNDER
HIM, TWENTY YEARS
FROM NOW HE'LL BE
TOP BRASS! DON'T
THINK THE C.O.
DOESN'T KNOW IT,
EITHER!



THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS STICK HIM
WITH THE TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS!
NOBODY DOES 'EM BETTER!
REMEMBER HOW HE SAVED MY
NECK A WEEK AGO? THAT TOOK
MOOSE!

YEAH! I
WONDER
WHAT THE
C.O. WANTS
HIM TO DO
NOW?



AT EASE, LIEUTENANT! THIS IS MR. DENT
AND MISS GIBBONS, HIS ASSISTANT! YOU
HEARD OF 'EM! THEY'RE FROM LIVING
MAGAZINE!

HAL DENT! THE
PHOTOGRAPHER?
YES, SIR!



CORRECT! MR. DENT IS HERE TO PHOTOGRAPH BATTLE CONDITIONS ON THE PAKISTANI FRONT! I HAVE LETTERS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT ORDERING ME TO GIVE HIM EVERY POSSIBLE AID!

THAT'S RIGHT, GRANGE! THE PEOPLE BACK HOME WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! I'M HERE TO TELL 'EM...WITH PICTURES.

ONE PHOTOGRAPH MOLDS MORE PUBLIC OPINION THAN A HUNDRED DISPATCHES! I'M ASSIGNING YOU, GRANGE, TO ESCORT MR. DENT AROUND WHEREVER HE WANTS TO GO!

YES, SIR!



AN HOUR LATER, IN A DRIZZLING RAIN...

YOU SEE, THE PEOPLE IN THE STATES KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE REDS' UNPROVOKED ATTACKS ON THE PAKISTANI BORDER! ARE WE NEAR THE BORDER?

NEAR ENOUGH! YOU WAIT HERE WITH YOUR PAKISTANI ESCORT, DENT! I'LL TAKE MY GROUP AHEAD TO RECONNOITER! REDS DRIFT OVER THE BORDER IN ONES AND ONE HUNDREDS!...LET'S GO, BOYS!



WHAT'RE WE PLAYIN' BODYGUARD FOR THEM CHARACTERS FOR, LIEUTENANT?

THEY'RE DOING A FEATURE PICTURE SERIES FOR A MAGAZINE! THEY WANT TO TELL FOLKS WHAT GUYS LIKE YOU GO THROUGH HERE, VANELLI!



A HALF HOUR LATER...NEAR NO MAN'S LAND...THE AREA BETWEEN THE PAKISTANI DEFENSE FORCES AND THE RED BORDER...

NO SIGN OF REDS HERE! GO BACK TO DENT, VANELLI, AND TELL HIM IT'S OKAY TO MOVE FORWARD! WE'LL WAIT HERE!

OKAY, LIEUTENANT!



TEN MINUTES LATER....

H-HEY, VANELLI! THEY AIN'T HERE!

IMPOSSIBLE! THEY WOULDN'T BUDGE TILL THE LIEUTENANT GAVE 'EM THE GREEN LIGHT! LOOK AROUND!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER....

I'M TALKIN' GOSPEL, LIEUTENANT! DENT'S DISAPPEARED!

NONSENSE! DENT'S GOT TOO MUCH WAR EXPERIENCE TO PULL A FOOL TRICK! GIVE ME THAT WALKIE-TALKIE, JASON! I'LL CONTACT THE C.O.! MAYBE DENT TURNED BACK!



MINUTES LATER....

THEY'RE NOT AT THE BASE! THE MAJOR SAYS WE'VE GOT TO FIND 'EM AT ALL COSTS! THE PUBLISHERS ARE VERY INFLUENTIAL BIRDS AND THEY'LL ROAST THE ARMY FOR LOSING DENT!

I DON'T THINK HE'S LOST, LIEUTENANT! I THINK HE'S OUT THERE!



I THINK A PACK OF INFILTRATING COMMIES FOUND HIM!

I AGREE WITH YOU, VANELLI! IF DENT'S IN NO MAN'S LAND, WE'LL FIND HIM! C'MON, BOYS! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN AND YOUR AIM UP!



SHORTLY AFTER....

REDS! THEY WEREN'T HERE BEFORE! AT 'EM, MEN!



CAPTURE AS MANY AS YOU CAN! I WANT PRISONERS!

MINUTES LATER....

THIS ONE SAVVY'S ENGLISH, LIEUTENANT! BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DENT! HE SAYS HE AND HIS PALS WERE MERELY ORDERED TO INFILTRATE THE PAKISTANI POSITION!

TELL HIM TO RADIO THE RED COMMUNICATIONS CENTER!



BUT AFTER GRANGE LISTENED IN ON THE REDS' CONVERSATION....

THE MAIN RED COMMUNICATIONS CENTER KNOW NOTHING ABOUT DENT, EITHER! I HEARD EVERY WORD AND I KNOW THEIR LINGO! WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FURTHER, VANELLI!

ON YOUR FEET, COMRADES! YOU'RE REAL FELLOW TRAVELERS NOW!



BUT THE SAME THING HAPPENED AGAIN!

NO MAN'S LAND IS CRAWLING WITH COMMIES TODAY! SOMETHING MUST BE UP! TAKE PRISONERS, VANELLI!



TEN MINUTES LATER, HOWEVER...

THE MYSTERY'S STILL UNSOLVED! THESE REDS HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF DENT'S GROUP, EITHER! TAKE 'EM BACK TO CAMP, VANELLI!

I'M STILL LOOKING!

OKAY, LIEUTENANT! YOU REDS--- MARCH!



BUT LT. GRANGE HADN'T GONE 1,000 YARDS WHEN A THOUGHT STRUCK HIM!

G-GREAT GUNS! WHAT IF DENT HADN'T WANDERED FORWARD! WHAT IF HE WENT BEHIND AMERICAN LINES? SQUAD! ON THE DOUBLE!



A HALF HOUR LATER BEHIND THE DEFENSE POSITIONS...

DENT, YOU FOOL! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! WHAT'RE YOU DOING BACK HERE?

PLOTTING AND PHOTOGRAPHING STRATEGIC AMERICAN POSITIONS! TAKING DOWN THE TERRAIN! AND AFTER WE MOW YOU DOWN, WE'LL CONTINUE! OPEN FIRE ON THE AMERICANS!



NOT ONLY I, MY ASSISTANT AND THESE DISGUISED PAKISTANI TROOPS ARE RED AGENTS, BUT AS YOU SEE, WE HAVE PROTECTORS!

R-REDS! HIDIN' IN THE WOODS! WE'RE DONE FOR, LIEUTENANT!



THE HECK YOU ARE!

I-IT'S VANELLI! BLESS HIM! HE'S COME BACK!



I WAS ESCORTIN' THE REDS BACK TO THE BASE LIKE YOU SAID, WHEN A THOUGHT STRUCK ME! WHAT IF DENT WASN'T IN NO MAN'S LAND BUT DEEP IN OUR TERRITORY?

YOU THINK AS STRAIGHT AS YOU SHOOT, VANELLI! YOU'LL GET A PROMOTION FOR THIS!



AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THE C.O. ARRIVED...

DENT /SN/T DENT, MAJOR! HE AND THE GIRL AND THE PAKISTANIS ARE RED AGENTS WHO LEARNED FROM SPY SOURCES OF THE COMING VISIT OF THE REAL DENT PARTY AND THEY BOLDLY APPEARED IN THEIR PLACES!

I KNOW, GRANGE! YOU SEE, THE REAL DENT JUST SHOWED UP AT THE CAMP!



G.I. COMBAT

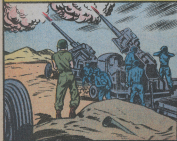
GRUDGE PATROL



PFC. BO AMOS WAS COMPANY CLERK... A QUIET LITTLE EX-TEACHER, MORE INTERESTED IN KOREAN BEETLES THAN IN GETTING THE COMMIES WHO SWARMED OVER THE HILLS! HE HAD NEVER FELT THE SAVAGE, SHAKING SURGE OF FIGHTING FURY UNTIL HE SAW WHAT A RED PATROL HAD DONE TO HIS KOREAN FRIENDS! THEN HE WENT BERSERK IN A MONUMENTAL SPREE OF BATTLE!



WESTWARD ALONG THE SANJIN PERIMETER THE BIG GUNS DUELED IN AN ENDLESS, EARTH-SHAKING THUNDER!



-- WHILE THE INFANTRY HURLED BACK WAVE ON WAVE OF SCREAMING, PLUNGING REDS!

GIVE IT TO THE BUZZARDS!



BUT HALF A MILE BEHIND THE FLANK THERE WAS QUIET.. THE OMINOUS QUIET OF THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM!

PFC. AMOS, SIR, REQUESTING PERMISSION TO VISIT THE FARM OF CHUN HO, THE SOUTH KOREAN! IT'S ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS, SIR!

OH, YES! YOU'RE ED AMOS, THE BUG COLLECTOR!

BEETLES, SIR! I WAS A PROFESSOR SPECIALIZING IN RARE BEETLES! THE FARMER'S SON PROMISED TO GATHER SOME FOR ME!

HMM! YOU'RE COMPANY CLERK FOR BAKER COMPANY! PERMISSION IS GRANTED, AMOS! THIS SECTOR SEEMS QUIET! YOU HAVE TWO HOURS!

EVERYBODY IN THE 8TH INFANTRY DIVISION KNEW ABOUT PFC. AMOS AND HIS PASSION FOR COLLECTING KOREAN BEETLES!

A PERFECT SPECIMEN, BUT I ALREADY HAVE ONE! WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, I'LL COME BACK AND DISCOVER NEW SPECIES!



THE FARM HOUSE OF CHUN HO.. IT'S ON FIRE! THEY MUST BE OUT IN THE FIELDS SOMEWHERE!



CHUN HO! $\frac{1}{2}$ UHP! THEY'RE DEAD.. SLAUGHTERED!



JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE NICE ENOUGH TO COLLECT BEETLES FOR ME! THE REDS MUST HAVE THOUGHT THEY WERE GIVING ME INFORMATION!



A RED PATROL BEHIND OUR LINES? SERGEANT KREYAK!

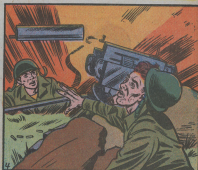
I WANT TO GO, SIR! I WANT TO GET THEM MYSELF!

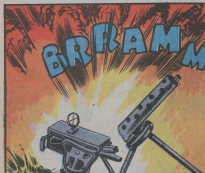




A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE RAVAGED FARM











FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

SIZES 10 TO 16 - WIDTHS AAA TO EEE

We're America's **ONLY** Specialists in shoes for **BIG MEN!** Crepe-Sole Casuals, Cardovans, Wing-Tips, Low Cuts, Hand-Sewn Moccasins, Golf Shoes, Dress Oxfords, Work Shoes, Sox, Slippers and even Rubbers! All in Sizes 10 to 16 - Widths AAA to EEE! All priced amazingly low, because famous King-Size Shoes are sold only by mail, not in stores! Every pair backed by iron-clad money-back Guarantee - and by thousands of happy King-Size buyers all over America!



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FOLDER**

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO FILL OUR SHOES?

HERE'S HOW BIG MEN GET STYLES THEY WANT . . .

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★ **FREE** Style Folder sent immediately, and without obligation! The Supply is limited, so be sure you write us **TODAY!**

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WRITE! NOW!



100 TOY SOLDIERS.
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE,
MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
MEASURING UP TO 4 1/4" H.

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LUCKY MISTAKE

"The chow is pretty bad but why are you giving some of it to that mangy cat Sam," snorted tough little Red Johnson. It had been like this ever since Sam and Red had been in the same platoon. Red was always riding Sam about the way he took care of every stray animal he encountered. Good-natured Sam at first wasn't bothered, but when the rest of the platoon began to tease him it got him down. Now he exploded, "Knock it off, Red."

That night all was quiet. The enemy hadn't made a move in over a week. Sam rolled over and over in his sleeping bag. He couldn't sleep. Suddenly a tremendous mortar barrage hit all around. The ground shook as everyone alerted for trouble. By the flash of one of the exploding shells Sam saw a puppy dog caught in some barbed wire a few hundred yards in front of his foxhole. Sam raced out to free the terrified dog. Amid the exploding shells, which gave him light to see by, Sam slowly extricated the trembling pup from the wire. Stuffing the animal in the front of his uniform he raced back to his own lines. As he got near, Red's loud laughter could be heard, "I thought Sam was nutty—now I'm sure. Risking his neck to save some mangy little mutt. He should be fighting for the SPCA instead of in this man's army." Gales of laughter broke out throughout the whole platoon.

Sam was burning inside. He thought, "Someday they will all learn. Animals are just like people." During the days that followed Sam constantly cared for the pup trying his best to ignore Red's needling.

"We're in luck, gang. The Reds have

pulled out but our orders are to stay right here," said Lieutenant Cuidera. "Lucky for Sam. Now he can spend his time doing important things like taking care of that dog instead of wasting his time fighting Reds," laughed Red Johnson.

The nights were getting colder. Sam and Red, however, were sleeping soundly in their warm sleeping bags. At Sam's feet the spotted little pup also slept contentedly. Slowly the sky over the foxhole got darker. A hand began to move slowly downward. Suddenly the air was split by a screech as a snarling little ball of fury sprung into action. Everyone was awakened by the noise. A star shell was shot into the air, revealing about 200 commies scurrying back to their lines with the puppy hot in pursuit.

The next day they discovered that the Reds had pretended to pull back. Then sneaked back in the dark to attack. If it hadn't been for the little pup, Sam, Red and the entire platoon would have been wiped out.

Today if you visited Sam and Red's platoon you would notice quite a change. The pup sits in a comfortable box with the name Red gave him, Hero, painted on the outside. Red can usually be found petting him. Now the entire platoon stops at the end of the chow line to give a tasty tidbit to Hero. As for Sam, he can't get near to the pup to care for him because of all the attention everyone else lavishes on the once unappreciated dog.

Sam doesn't care though, because he has the last laugh as he watches Red play valet to Hero.

G.I. COMBAT

The A-GUN HIJACKERS

ED MALLETT WAS A RAW RECRUIT, FRESH AS PAINT... **GREEN** PAINT AT THAT! HE JOINED AN OUTFIT IN WEST GERMANY DURING PEACE-TIME, 1956! HE EXPECTED TO EXPERIENCE NOTHING BUT BOREDOM! THEN SUDDENLY HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS CHANGED! HE ENCOUNTERED THE SOUL-SEARING TEST OF HIS LIFE AT THE HANDS OF ATTACKING REDS WHO WERE AFTER THE ATOMIC CANNON!



I-I'VE GOT TO TAKE A PRISONER! THESE COMMIES HAVE CROSSED THE BORDER FOR A REASON! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY!

OF COURSE ED DIDN'T EXPECT EVERYBODY TO FALL ON HIS FACE IN GRATITUDE FOR HIS JOINING THE OUTFIT! BUT THE LEAST HE WAS ENTITLED TO FROM HIS FUTURE BUDDIES WAS A LITTLE FRIENDLINESS!

YOU'D THINK I WAS THEIR **ENEMY** THE WAY THEY AVOID ME! LOOK AT 'EM! ALL PALSY-KALSY!



THE GUYS IN HIS UNIT ACTED AS IF THEY WERE EVERYTHING AND HE WAS **NOTHING**! THEY IGNORED HIM WHEN HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS A NEW REPLACEMENT... AND THEY WENT ON **IGNORING HIM**!

WHAT'VE THEY GOT **AGAINST** ME? WHAT DID I **DO** TO DESERVE THIS GOLD SHOULDER? I'M ALWAYS ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN!



NOT ONLY DIDN'T THEY INVITE ED TO JOIN THEIR CONVERSATIONS, BUT THEY TREATED HIM AT RECREATION OR MESS AS IF HE HAD SMALLPOX!

NICE, HOSPITABLE OUT-FIT I TIED UP WITH! I COULDN'T BREAK INTO THEIR GOOD GRACES WITH A BLOCKBUSTER!



WITH EVERY PASSING DAY ED RESENTED THEM MORE... THEN AN IDEA STRUCK HIM!

I'M A NEWCOMER! MAYBE I SHOULD PLAY UP TO THEM? I'LL POCKET MY PRIDE! I'LL FALL INTO STEP ALONGSIDE THEM! I'LL CRACK A JOKE!



ED NO SOONER BEGAN TO TELL THE JOKE WHEN THEY GAVE HIM THE FISHEST STARE ED HAD EVER SEEN OUTSIDE OF AN AQUARIUM! THEY DIDN'T SAY A WORD! THEY JUST STARED! THROUGH HIM AND BEYOND HIM!

I-I MEAN...ER...THIS SERGEANT SAYS... HE...



THAT WAS IT! THE WORDS STUCK IN ED'S THROAT! HE FELT LIKE SINKING INTO THE GROUND! HE SWORE NEVER TO SPEAK TO THESE STUCK-UP G.I.'S AGAIN!

THEY DON'T WANT TO KNOW ME! OKAY! THEY DON'T HAVE TO! I'LL LIVE MY LIFE AND THEY'LL LIVE THEIRS!



THEY TALK ABOUT TEAMWORK AND BEING BUDDIES! HOGWASH! IF YOU'RE A NEW RECRUIT, NOBODY WANTS YOU! YOU MAY AS WELL NOT BE ALIVE!



SO ED HID IN HIS SHELL EVEN DURING PRACTISE MAN-OEUVRES AND BORDER SKIRMISHES WITH INVADING RED PATROLS!

HUH! THESE GUYS DON'T FIND ME SO UNDESIRABLE NOW! NOT WHEN THERE ARE REPS TO FIGHT!



BUT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE! ED HAD GAINED NO MORE RECOGNITION THAN BEFORE!

OKAY, STUFFED SHIRTS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT! I GET IT! I'M STILL NOBODY TO YOU!



SO ED WAS BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM...AS ACCEPTABLE AS A PAIN IN THE EAR! ONE NIGHT THERE WAS GRIMINESS AND TENSION IN CAMP!

WHAT'RE THEY MOVIN' IN?
WHAT IS IT?

LOOKS LIKE A RAILROAD GUN MOUNTED ON A TRAILER!



THE ARTILLERY BOYS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT! OUR JOB IS TO ESCORT IT SAFELY TO ITS SECRET POSITION! FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ALL OF THEM RED, WE'LL TRAVEL AT NIGHT! FALL IN!



IT WASN'T UNTIL SUNSET, THE FOLLOWING DAY, THAT ED LEARNED WHAT WAS BEING DELIVERED TO THE BORDER!

YOU CAN STOP GUESSING, MEN! YOU'RE LOOKING AT AN A-CANNON! THE FIRST ATOMIC CANNON DELIVERED TO OUR SECTOR! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE OPERATION OF IT!



SO ED SET OUT WITH THE OTHERS INTO AS STORMY AND RAINY A NIGHT AS EVER PLAGUED A DOGFACE!

IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D CALL THIS STORM A BAD OMEN! THE CATS AND DOGS ARE COMING DOWN IN KENNELS-FULL!



AS IF THE BAD WEATHER WEREN'T PROBLEM ENOUGH, ED SOON FACED ANOTHER HEADACHE!

SERGEANT TOCONE, TAKE YOUR PLATOON OUT AS A SCOUTING PARTY! KEEP ABOUT 3,000 YARDS AHEAD OF US!

YESSIR!
PLATOON C!
FOLLOW ME!



A NICE "COLD" WAR THIS WAS! HEADING INTO HIS OWN TERRITORY AND EXPECTING A BULLET EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! WHAT A MOCKERY! THE RED PEACE TALK WAS! SOME PEACE... WITH REDS WAITING IN THE WOODS TO AMBUSH HIM!



ED LED THE PLATOON THROUGH WOODS SO DARK HE HAD TO PROCEED AS MUCH BY TOUCH AS BY SIGHT!

G-GREAT GUNS! I'LL PRACTICALLY STUMBLE OVER A RED BEFORE I SEE HIM!



SUDDENLY ED HEARD A NOISE ABOUT 500 YARDS
AHEAD! THE CLANK OF METAL! HE HISSED A WARNING
TO THOSE BEHIND HIM!

S-SOMETHING'S MOVING
UP THERE! GET DOWN WHILE
I FIRE A FLARE!



G-GREAT SCOTT!
REDS!

A WHOLE CORPS OF
THEM! THEY WERE
GETTIN' READY TO
AMBUSH US!



DON'T STAND THERE!
PHONE THE LIEUTENANT!
TELL HIM THE REDS
HAVE INVADED WEST
GERMAN TERRITORY!

RIGHT!



YEEEOOWWW!
T-THE PHONE!



IT DOESN'T WORK
NOW! THERE'S NO
WAY OF GETTING
A MESSAGE BACK
TO THE MAIN
FORCE! THEY'RE
MOVING STRAIGHT
INTO A TRAP!

THEN WE'VE
GOT TO PULL
BACK AN'-
WARN 'EM!
WHERE'S THE
SERGEANT?
WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!



NOT ME! I WANT TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S UP! TAKE OFF! I'LL
DRAW THE FIRE AWAY FROM
YOU!

Y-YOU CAN'T GO
OUT THERE, ROOKIE!
THEY'LL DROP YOU
BEFORE YOU TAKE
TEN STEPS!



NO, THEY WON'T! GET GOING,
WILL YOU? I WANT TO TAKE
A PRISONER!

H-HE'S CRAZY! I'M
TELLING YOU, HE'S
NUTTY, CUCKOO,
CRAZY BATS!



MAYBE ED WAS BATS, RUSHING AT A WHOLE RED ARMY CORPS BY HIMSELF... DODGING COMMIE SLUGS! BUT ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS....

A PRISONER! I'VE GOT TO GET A PRISONER!



SOON ED WAS NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR THEM BABBLING IN THEIR GUTTURAL LANGUAGE! A MOMENT LATER... HE SAW THEM!

A MACHINE GUN NEST! THEY'RE LOOKING THE OTHER WAY!



ED FELL IN ON THEM LIKE A ROOF!

STOP YELLING, COMMIE! YOUR BIG BROTHER ISN'T HERE TO HELP YOU!



OKAY! SPILL IT! WHAT'RE YOU AFTER?

W-W-E LEARNED THROUGH OUR SPIES ABOUT THE AMERICAN A-CANNON COMING IN! WE SEEK TO NOT ONLY CAPTURE THE GUN... BUT TO FIRE IT! DESTROY AMERICAN BASE WITH ONE SHOT! THEN WE BLAME YOU!



WE SAY YOU BUNGLE! MAKE GUN FIRE YOURSELF! DESTROY YOURSELF! OHWW!

SO THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT TO LAY MY HANDS ON A RED RADIO! THE PLATOON MIGHT NOT GET THROUGH!



ED CRAWLED THROUGH THE DARK LIKE A LIZARD, HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, LEST HIS BREATH ATTRACT A RED TOMMY-GUNNER! SUDDENLY HE CAME ACROSS THREE REDS WITH A WALKIE-TALKIE!

RAISE 'EM AND KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT OR SO HELP ME... YOU GET IT! HAND OVER THAT RADIO! THE RADIO, I SAID!



WE GET YOU, YANKEE!

JUMPING JEES! THIS NOISE'LL BRING THE WHOLE RED ARMY DOWN ON MY NECK!





OWWWW!

I'LL TAKE THE
TOWNY! I MIGHT
NEED IT!

SOME MAGIC KEPT THE RED LEAD FROM ED! HE RACED THROUGH THE WOODS TOWARD THE SOUND OF FIRING! HIS BLOOD FROZE AT THE SIGHT HE SAW!

T-THE SERGEANT! HE DIDN'T MAKE IT! HE'S POCKETED IN! I'LL TAKE THE REDS FROM THE REAR! MAYBE THE SURPRISE WILL GET 'EM!



A MIRACLE HAPPENED! THE GUYS TOOK FIRE FROM ED'S ATTACK! THEY SMASHED THROUGH THEIR ENCIRCLEMENT!

T-THANKS, KID! THEY ALMOST HAD US! BUT THE COLUMN'S IN TROUBLE! A WHOLE PACK OF REDS BY-PASSED US! THEY'RE UP AHEAD!

I KNOW A SHORT CUT! I REMEMBER IT FROM WHEN WE WERE ON PATROL A WEEK AGO! COME ON!



MINUTES LATER, ED STOOD ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING A VALLEY CRAMMED WITH REDS! THEIR FLARES LIT UP THE NIGHT WITH SERIENESS! SGT. TOCCONE TURNED PALE!

G-GREAT DAY IN THE MORNINGS! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE COLUMN FROM THE FLANK! OUR BOYS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

WAIT! THOSE BOLD-ERS, SERGEANT! HEAVE AGAINST 'EM! WE MIGHT START AN EARTH-SLIDE!



IT WAS WORTH THE CHANCE! THE MEN ALL STRAINED AND HEAVED! WITH A SLITHERING, SUCKING SOUND THE SIDE OF THE HILL HEADED TOWARD THE PANICKED REDS!



WE GOT 'EM! THE SLIDE'S STOPPED 'EM! THE REDS'RE TURNING TAIL! THE COLUMN'S SAVED!

SUDDENLY ED BECAME AWARE OF ANOTHER MIRACLE! SERGEANT TOCCONE AND ALL THE GUYS WHO'D CUT HIM DEAD WERE POUNDING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM, LAUGHING AND CRYING AT THE SAME TIME!

KID, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! I NEVER SAW SUCH GUTS!

YOU'RE THE BEST ROOKIE! PUT IT THERE! WELCOME TO PLATOON C!



SUDDENLY ED BELONGED! HE WAS ONE OF THEM! FROM THAT DAY FORWARD, HE ATE WITH THE MEN, SHARED THEIR JOSES AND THEIR SCORROWS, TOO! A WEEK LATER, WHEN A NEW REPLACEMENT SHOWED UP IN CAMP!

HY-YA, KID! A NEW ROOKIE, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T BE FOR VERY LONG!



WHAT ED MEANT WAS THAT A NEW MAN HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO PROVE HIMSELF A REAL SOLDIER AS HE HIMSELF HAD TO!





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